She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold:
She whiſpers in his eares a heauie tale,
As if they heard the wofull words ſhe told,
  She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
  Where lo two lamps burnt out, in darkneſſe lyes

Two glaſſes where her ſelfe, herſelfe beheld
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect,
Their vertue loſt, wherein they late exceld,
And euerie beautie robd of his effect;
  Wonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,
  That thou being dead, the day ſhold yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhalbe wayted on with icalouſie,
Find ſweet beginning but vnſauorie end,
  Nere ſetled equally, but high or low,
  That all loues pleaſure ſhall not match his wo.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
Bud, and be blaſted, in a breathing while,
The bottome poyſon, and the top ore-ſtrawd
With ſweets, that ſhall the trueſt ſight beguile,
  The ſtrongeſt bodie ſhall it make moſt weake,
  Strike the wiſe dumb, & teach the foole to ſpeake.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures,
The ſtaring ruffian ſhall it keepe in quiet,
Plucke downe the rich, enrich the poore with trea-
  It ſhalbe raging mad, and ſilly mild, (ſures,
  Make the young old, the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect where is no cauſe of feare,
It ſhall not feare where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt,
It ſhall be mercifull, and too ſeuere,
And moſt deceiuing, when it ſeemes moſt iuſt,
  Peruerſe it ſhalbe, where it ſhewes moſt toward,
  Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhalbe cauſe of warre, and dire euents,
And ſet diſſention twixt the ſonne, and ſire,
Subiect, and ſeruile to all diſcontents:
As drie combuſtions matter is to fire,
  Sith in his prime, death doth my loue deſtroy,
  They that loue beſt, their loues ſhall not enioy.

By this the boy that by her ſide lay kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his bloud that on the ground lay ſpild,
A purpld floure ſprung vp, checkred with white,
  Reſembling well his pale cheeks, and the bloud,
  Which in round dr ops, vpō their whitenes ſtood.